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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

CONTENTMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE LEYDEN BARD.

"Thou few have seen, and fewer still (see here), But many minds have read their long ago. The sense has long filled o'er my mind And dwelled in the logics of all mankind. Yet still does set so ever long ago. A sweet for rest betwixt—more by your leave Oh had I but the wings shut to fly Here soon I'd raise for thee the vaulted sky; Sweep o'er the earth with extended wing To forest out thy vagrant mysterious lesson: Soon the scene of hidden realms unfold, And search for thee amid the indigloved glow, And drag thy coast to earth as mortals owe. That all might revel near thy sacred throne. Yet, mankind that forth to light where'er thou art, And on thee are thy tongues can exist in secret Or make their base oppression's writhing sting Thou hast thy humble, self-sustaining Thou speaks the decrees of wealth and fame, Who seeks contentment as his own is theirs, Oh shall the women of life's visiting see Have borne through tempest and serenity To every climate, and to every clime, Which meets and sweeps compare can command. In search of that which all are wont to find, Yet which so every mortal leaves behind. Also, fear search where least its gifts abound, And many hearts—not ever where they're found. Virtue have sought it on the battle-field Where honor flashed, and deeds of fame yielded: Where death walked forward in the flushed defeat, O'erwhelming thousands in their last retreat, And palladed sped with vengeance-winged flight, Its Deathish toils perfected in the fight. There have they wearied for fairy offer shape, But oh, their deeds but bounded to escape! The hearts breathing deeds' accomplishment, Ascends its lone; and hopes to find it there: The rugged summit does meet the call, And flags to be its conquest—but the pall it hall He views the victory—it there it must dwell: In the vale of life he finds it still around him, The fever, by yon warbling brook, About you place, or that forest nook, His fancy hopes—his footsteps follow on, He hastes from disappointment to be gone; But e'er he has overtaken it, 'tis gone, He turns, and sees it on the mount again.

Oh thus, where all mankind are prone to seek Where most never search, and where few ever find, Descend from thy high throne, and deign to know This dismal path of life with happiness.

Original Tales.

THE LEATHER SHORTS.

A Short Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY T. MAYNE REID. (THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.)

Old Bellamy gave a large party—the largest I think, of the season. The two parlors, front and back—forty by fifty each—were full, brilliantly lighted, and the hall-door open to the floor. There were three brides just flushing it through the honeymoon—three others who had survived their period—all young, handsome, and were looking meek and mutually—at least a score of bridesmaids, and a number of bachelors of indescribable kind, with beaming eyes and bright smiles, looked with envy on the aforesaid brides, and with encouragement upon all the others. I do not say the old maids, do not understand me I mean that there were an old maids present. Should anybody argue on this point, Bellamy, not only a wave of chivalry, but a deficiency of common judgment. Old maids are as indispensable in this kind of assembly as a salad. They are the very seasoning of a soiree—the most convenient creatures in the company. A fellow is handed to a fashionable worthy man, had accumulated a handsome fortune by setting cross-legged, and industriously manufacturing leather corporations. The table rests in the family history Miss B. had long since forgotten, and his lordship was not likely ever to know anything about it. He did, however, thanks to the old maids—of whom as much has lately been said—for information. As soon as the ceremony was performed, the whole mystery became as clear as Croton water, and boy before me like a map. I had heard of these peculiar leathern garments. They are often spending a magnificent fortune on philanthropic purposes, had died, leaving them all to his son and daughter. Report said, that after

daily. Like all the rest of mankind—when every turn of Fortune's wheel threw a prize into his hands—while Youth and Vigor dwelt with him as an especial favorite—and the wand of Prosperity seemed committed to his keeping—he neglected his duty to his fellow mortals, and forgot his obligations to his God.

But alas! he was soon to ascertain that though she "*possessed the elevation and spirituality requisite for the ideal of the poet and painter, she was not at the same time, endowed with the most domestic qualities necessary for common life.*"

Returning one evening, after having been absent from home during the day, he was met at the door by Florence, merrily singing,

"To get for a husband how lucky,
A warm-hearted son of Kentucky;"

when bidding him welcome home, she commenced,

"Oh! Mr. Willard, I have a ticket to the ball, which is to come off next week, and as I have not danced since my marriage, you must go with me."

"Why my dear wife," said he, in astonishment, "do you not know that I never dance or attend dancing parties? I cannot go—and you too, I trust, will, for my sake, abandon all idea of such a thing."

"Indeed I will not," answered she, "firing up—"if you do not choose to go, you can remain at home. I am going."

"Well, but Florence," he began—

"But me no buts," interrupted she, "I am going—that is as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. You taught me that married people must have an image in the inner temple of the heart to worship, and I have mine. Dancing is my duty, and I kneel at his shrine. I will be faithful to you—*I will never make love to another, declaring all the time that I am true to my companion—as you did, most sapient and moral Master Luther—nor will I ever permit any man to tell me that I am the original of his Fancy's queen*—but you must permit me to render homage to the image of my inner temple."

All entreaty was in vain. Go she would—and go she did.

The excitement tasted, her appetite increased; and from that time, far and near, she was a constant attendant at all public balls and private dancing parties. Leaving her husband at home to mourn over her wilfulness, she pursued the phantom till her health became delicate, her constitution broken, and she presented the appearance of a prematurely old, dissipated victim of folly and fashion. The sudden death of her husband's little son checked her for a time in her wild career, and afforded him an opportunity to reason and remonstrate. Her own delicate health was also a powerful advocate in his favor.

Being fully awakened to a sense of his own neglect of religious duty since his marriage, he embraced the time and circumstances to present the subject to her mind. She listened, believed, repented, obeyed. But only in time. She was stricken down suddenly, and lasted but long enough to implore her husband's forgiveness for the misery she had occasioned him. She, and the little infant to which she gave birth but a few days before her death, were committed to the tomb at the same time.

Broken in spirit—stricken in heart—and bowed in the dust of humility, he turned from the world, and in the agony of his grief, sought relief and consolation from the great Friend of friends, whoever stands ready to forgive the wanderings, and to pour the balm of consolation and comfort on the penitent soul of the returning backslider.

Less than ten years ago—how enthusiastic his hopes—how bright the picturings of his fancy—how broad the theatre upon which he purposed in his youthful zeal to play a conspicuous part! But little more than one septennial had rolled by, and he had acted—but it was tragedy—tragedy—all the time—no farce—no comedy—but all deep—stern—soul-harrowing tragedy!—heart-rending tragedy!!

He reflected, he mourned, and yet he spake no word; but in the expressive language of Holy Writ, "turned his face to the wall and wept."

"Oh! can tell the many days and nights he spent,
Of tameless, waveless, smileless, cheerless woe."

CHAPTER IX.

"To cleanse the soul from all its earthly dross,
He sends affliction—draws the spirit on,
To bear in hand all humbler to His throne,
And by deep anguish, purifies the heart."
Mrs. Stephens.

"What stamps the wrinkle deeper on thy brow?
To view each loved one blotted from Life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now."—*Byron.*

It was the loveliest part of the day when "Twilight folds her curtains gray around the golden west." A pale, slender man, with subdued sorrow and resignation depicted on his care-worn countenance, walked musingly in a large garden in the rear of a beautiful country residence near the tall cliffs and romantic narrows of the Kentucky river. He passed to one corner where a square was enclosed with iron railing. The pale queen of night, like a bark of pearl, was dancing on the deep, still ocean of blue above—

"One tremulous star in the glory of June,
Came out with a smile and sat down by the moon—"

and Nature seemed preparing to draw around her the hangings of night, and sink into the arms of slumber.

Luther Willard (for it was he) opened a small gate and passed into the enclosure. He paused and looked around upon a number of tombs. There, nearest to him, lay the remains of Florence, his last wife, whom he had loved for her brilliant conversational powers, her literary cast of mind, and her vivacity of intellect. Next reposed his second companion—she who had attracted him by her queenly carriage and magnificent beauty, and fascinated him by her agreeable manners and dignified deportment. And there, still farther off, was the resting place of his little Clara—his first love—she, for whom his heart felt its first pulsations of the master passion of the mind—she, whose calm, quiet, unobtrusive goodness, devoted piety and amiability of character first taught him to look upon woman as "the last, best gift of God to man." And there, at the feet of their mothers, was a child of each—all, all awaiting in the unseen world the final summons of the archangel; all, undoubtedly, resting in Abraham's bosom, longing for the appearance in the home of the righteous and just.

The many warnings he had received in reference to the neglect of what he believed to be his duty—his many broken promises of amendment—the last request of his dying father—the many times the cup of happiness had been dashed from his hand, just as he was raising it, all brimming, to his lips, passed in retrospection before his memory—and there, alone, in the silence of the graveyard, he knelt before his God, and bowed himself in prayer. There, surrounded by the tombs of those who had been dearest to him on earth, he vowed to devote himself to the service of his Saviour. "Henceforth, oh, Lord!" said he, "with Thy assistance and guidance, I will go forth to proclaim salvation to a dying world."

He rose from his prostrate position, and turned to take a last look at the tombs of buried treasures.

"Farewell, my children," said he, "well it is for you that you were called hence, ere you knew what it was to sin. And you, my Florence, farewell; happy in your death, may you be happy through eternity. Adieu, dear Isabel, to you also; may you be amply rewarded in Heaven for the constant assiduity with which you strove through life to mould yourself to your husband's will, to regulate your conduct according to his wishes, and to make your temperament and disposition accord with his. And you, my little Clara, be as happy in Heaven as you were perfect on earth, and your measure will be full to overflowing. Dear ones, all, farewell—for a little time, farewell. I soon shall join you in the happy world above, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'"

"Oh! when from sin and sorrow free,
I meet the crowns that will be given;
Then dear ones, you will happy be,
United in our home in Heaven."

Versailles, Ky.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 22, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Sears' Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

If there are any who "take note of time," beside those who have notes falling due in Bank, the newspaper editor, with his constantly recurring task, must be included among the number. And certes, it is often no small tax upon his ingenuity to write upon everlastingly repeated themes, day after day, and week after week, and still preserve some semblance, at least, of novelty and freshness, in what has become to him a hackneyed occupation—monotonous, in "these piping times of peace," as the tread of a mill horse in his daily round.

Time was, when we wights of the quill had something to groan about, and matter to complain of continually. It was "hard times!"—"hard times!" The newspapers wrote Jeremiads upon the "hard times," and all the people echoed "hard times"—and all that was required of any journal was to groan sufficiently, to suit the lachrymose disposition of people's eyes, and the mournful hue of their thoughts. Those were the days, the palmy days, of newspaper editors. To suit the public palate, it was only necessary to sift onions, peppers, and other *acrimony into the dish*, the more the better, and the task was sure to be done to every body's liking.

But now, the public, having waxed fat, kicks at any such easily prepared dish. Times are good, without peradventure, and likely so to continue. The most industrious and nervous prophet of evil cannot coax mischief out of any cloud in the horizon. Wars and rumors of wars are forgotten. Commerce and manufactures are flourishing, and are likely so to remain. To be sure, we hear of no sudden fortunes made in speculations. We find nobody in a fever of excitement, overlooking dimes and decimals, to make money by hundreds and thousands. People are content to look after the small matters, confident that, the pence well cared for, the pounds will take care of themselves. This is the true doctrine of trade and business, and it was the departure from this that brought so much disorder and trouble upon the nation. Other causes, unquestionably, assisted; but these other causes would have been only partially operative, if a spirit of hap-hazard speculation had not paved and prepared the way.

In our immediate vicinity, we are gratified to state that the business prospects for the coming year are exceedingly flattering. Houses are hard to obtain, on any terms, and, to meet the deficiency, as many new buildings are projected and contracted for, as were ever built during any single year, in the history of Philadelphia. And perhaps this description of mechanical labor is one, the benefits of which are more equally diffused among all classes of a community than any other; while it is at the same time an indication that other employments, not immediately dependent upon it, are also in prosperous condition.

From other sections of the republic we hear similar good news. The country seems rising like a giant refreshed with sleep, and ready to go to work like a sensible being—not like a crazy ogre, hopping up in a phrenzy, with the pain of the finger of speculation poked in his eye.

We have had a hard lesson and a long one, and it is much to be hoped that its teachings may prove lasting and useful. Now there is every thing to encourage us. No harrassing questions are before the public; and, so far as we are connected with foreign nations, the news received by the last steamer is pronounced by the merchants to be the most favorable that has been received for many years.

In our paper of to-day we had proposed to give a more careful digest of the miscellaneous and minor items of news than there was last week time to do. But our Bristol correspondent has saved us that trouble; for his letter to-day contains items as various and numerous as a pedlar's pack; including every thing which has transpired across the water worth hearing of.

Our tale readers will notice that we give them this week two original stories; as different in their style and character as can well be imagined. We may reckon then upon having pleased two halves of them at least. And upon the last page will be discovered a goodly variety of paragraphs and selections, while the inner pages are also various and interesting. Until next week—*Vale.*

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

The Tribune records a most melancholy accident which took place on Monday evening, at the foundry and blacksmith shop of Mr. Edward Duvall, No. 102 Charlton street. The facts, so far as we could ascertain, are these: Mr. Basterman, keeper of the Light House at Sandy Hook, has been in the habit for some time past of raking the bay around the Hook for old iron, &c., which he brought to the city and sold to Mr. Duvall. On Saturday last a load was brought to Duvall's shop by Mr. Basterman, among which was a bomb-shell or petard, about 16 inches in length and ten in diameter, which Mr. B. had raked up a few days before. On Monday, while Mr. Duvall was removing the bomb from his shop to the sidewalk for the purpose of weighing it, he discovered that it contained powder, and on taking a hammer and striking it for the purpose of getting the powder out, it exploded and instantly killed Mr. Duvall, the owner of the shop, Mr. Aaron O. Price, master mason, of 79 Thompson street, Robert Broderick, of the corner of Hudson and King streets, and so injured a boy, whose name we could not learn, that he died in a few hours. The horse of Mr. Price, from which that gentleman had just dismounted, was also instantly killed. The windows in the neighborhood were very much shattered by the explosion, and a piece of the shell weighing over two pounds was blown to the corner of Varick and Carmine street, a distance of nearly four blocks, and struck within a few feet of two children who were playing in the street. It is believed that this shell, with its contents, must have been in the place whence it was raked since the last war. Mr. Duvall was an estimable citizen, aged about 33, and has left a wife and child. Mr. Price was also highly esteemed, about 40 years of age, and has left a wife and two children. Broderick was a youth of about 17.

The supposition of the Tribune that the shell has lain where it was found since the last war is improbable. The shell, or petard contained twelve bomb shells in all, weighing on an average about ten pounds each, but only one appears to have been charged, and we learn it came from the experiment ground at Sandy Hook, where it was left probably by some of the experimental gentlemen connected with the Navy. A rigid examination will no doubt be instituted by the Navy Department.

RATHER COOL.

Mr. Davidson, brought before the Senate of Michigan for contempt, left for New York before the case was disposed of, leaving a letter directing the Senate to send the "reprimand" after him through the Post Office.

CHILLY FROLIC.

One of the most wonderful curiosities in the world, is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. It is worth a pilgrimage, not only from hence, but from any part of the known world; nor are the visitors always permitted to get through their exploration, without a small touch of the romantic. Among the most thrilling adventures which are described as having occurred there,—more thrilling, indeed, than agreeable,—is an adventure which is stated to have recently befallen a wedding party.

They went to the cave to "spend the honeymoon," on a visit to the underground country, and its neighborhood. While there, they went to visit those beautiful portions of the cave which lie beyond the river Jordan. In order to do this, a person has to sail down the river nearly a mile, before reaching the avenue which leads off from the river to the opposite side; for there is no shore or landing place between the point that is below on the other, for the river fills the whole width of one avenue of the cave, and is several feet deep where the side wall descends into the water. This party had ascended the river, visited the cave beyond, and had again embarked on the water for their return homewards. After they had ascended the river about half way, a number of the party, who were in high glee, got into a romp and overturned the boat. Their lights were all extinguished, their matches wet; the boat filled with water and sunk immediately, and they were in the "blackness of darkness" up to their shins in water.

In this state of imminent and most uncomfortable peril, there is no doubt they would have all been lost, had it not been for the guide's great presence of mind. He charged them to remain perfectly still, for if they moved a single step, they might get out of their depth in water, and swimming would not avail them, for they could not see where to swim to. He knew that if they could bear the coldness of the water any length of time they would be safe, for another guide would be sent from the cave house to see what had become of them. And in this perilous condition, up to their mouths in water, in the midst of darkness more than night, four miles under ground, they remained for more than five hours, at the end of which time another guide came to their relief.

Matthew, or "Mat," the guide who rescued them, states that when he arrived where they were, he found the guide, Stephen, (the Columbus of the cave) was swimming around the rest of the party, cheering them, and directing his movements, while swimming, by the sound of their voices, which were raised, one and all, in prayer and supplication for deliverance. Probably the party were all pretty well cured of that most ridiculous abuse of man's reason, the indulgence of absurd practical jokes. Their craven entreaties for deliverance, as if the guide were superhuman, are probably among the recollections which they least care to cherish of their visit. A man should be a man, even more in danger than at other times, and to whine like a baby is disgraceful.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

In our last we briefly announced the death of this literary veteran, in his 77th year. It is not fitting that a man who has filled the place that he has in the world, and who has been the mover, or among the movers, of so many political and social changes in Great Britain, should pass away without some tribute. That he was always right in his views—or that he was always free from prejudice cannot be pretended; nor indeed can such a claim be set up for any man. He had faults, and glaring ones. He scored us Yankees too, unmercifully on more than one occasion; but he did not spare his own countrymen, in what he regarded as their follies, or knew to be their faults. His writings always hit hard and struck home, and told with perhaps more effect than those of any other modern. We subjoin an able summary of his character, from an English periodical, received by the last steamer:

"Sydney Smith was almost the only, certainly by far the best representative of the Steele and Swift class in the nineteenth century. The class we mean is composed of men of genius, whose social and literary reputations mutually support each other—whose writings [illegible] conversation shows that their thoughts are their own, and whose witticisms in society pass current the more readily because it is known that they can stand the test of print. Men of this class do not write big volumes; but what they do give to the world is full of matter, suggestive, and highly finished. They deal in general with topics of the day, but handle their subjects in such a manner as to impart to them a general interest and lasting freshness. They are too desultory in their habits of thought to construct systems; but they get at truth by the divining power of common sense—their remarks are sure to hit the right nail on the head. Their interest in politics is intermittent; they are incapable of sustaining the role of practical politicians; but they do like to throw in a word of advice, and their advice is generally worth listening to. They are in everything hybrids between the man of thought and the man of action; and a very pleasing mixture they are.

"The great secret of Sydney Smith's success was that he knew his place. He had taken a just measure of his own powers, and did not aspire to be anything else than he was. He was quite aware that he could suggest to public men views which they might have overlooked—that he could express their views in a better and more taking manner than they could—that there was a charm in his compositions and conversation to make them run after. He felt that he could make himself necessary, and thus secure an agreeable position in society. And he did not fall into poor Swift's mistake, who with pretty similar claims imagined he could be master and dictator of those active spirits to whom he was only competent to be an indispensable auxiliary. Sydney Smith was aware that he could not become a Brougham, or even a Lord John Russell; but he felt that he knew them both thoroughly; and on their parts they had a rather uneasy consciousness of the same kind. To this tact and self knowledge Sydney Smith added the advantage of being older than the colleagues with whom he started in life, and of having from his education at an English University something less of the provincial. They believed that he knew more of the world, and was less liable than themselves to be carried away by mere impulse or one-sided knowledge; and the ascendancy he had at the outset, he maintained to the end. This gave him an authority in their conclaves, confirmed by that strength of character which passed through the intoxicating experience of a fashionable preacher in the Metropolis, and a favorite of the salons without having his head turned. To all these circumstances he owed that he was an independent power even in the Demon Daniel of Holland House. The few frequenters of that circle who were strong in conscious power, and they who enjoyed the hour without reflection, could relish Sydney Smith: but the innumerable shams who must always compose the bulk of such a coterie, feared, while they were proud of him. He was one of those awkward allies who are not always easily managed, and with whom men dare not break."

GREAT FLOOD IN CHINA.

Among the news by the late arrivals, is an account of a most terrific flood in China,—before which the European inundations that have been recorded during the last few years sink into relative insignificance. On the shore of the Yellow Sea, the phenomenon took the character of a second deluge. Whole provinces, with populations respectively larger than some of the second class kingdoms of Europe, were almost entirely submerged. The retreat of the waters left corpses in thousands. Touching episodes are given as pictures of this awful calamity. On the river Yange-Tse were found large floating casks, which, when examined, were discovered to contain the bodies of young children, whose mothers, when all hope for themselves was gone, had committed them to these floating arks, as a last slender chance of salvation. Upwards of seventeen millions of human beings, escaped from the inundation, have poured themselves over the adjacent provinces, beggared of all things and crying for bread.

QUICK AT IT.

The Yankees are determined that the sea serpent shall do his duty early this season. They announce him already, as having been discovered "about one hundred and fifty yards from the shore, and continued for two or three hours sporting on the surface of the billows, when he finally disappeared to parts unknown. His snakeship was seen by hundreds of spectators congregated upon the beach."

TEXAS.

We have dates from Galveston to the 8th of March, at which time the news of the passage of the Annexation Resolutions through the House had reached Texas. The conclusion of the matter in the Senate had not yet reached that country.

The Resolutions did not at all please some of the leading Galveston papers, and they seem to have exhausted language to find invectives against it. They speak of the high present advantages of Texas "in her present elevated position, as a people, secure in the respect and amity of the great, enlightened nations of the earth; secure in the enjoyment of peace, and in the speedy acquisition of acknowledged independence; secure in the wealth which the commerce of Europe is about to pour into our lap, and in the increasing value of our lands, arising from extended occupation, and the investment of foreign capital; secure of becoming '*the most favored*' by those powerful and wealthy sovereignties, whom both interest and policy impel to cherish our prosperity and growth," and contrast this with—"Texas divested of all these high privileges and advantages; shorn of her attributes as a nation; crippled in her commerce, in her prosperity, in her domestic resources; depressed by the burdens of *public debt* and *direct taxation*; her land in consequence depreciated in value; and in the event of final annexation upon the proposed basis, our public domain not only *ravced* and *mortgaged* to secure the payment of our debt, but even *eviscerated* of its *mineral wealth*, to swell the *federal* treasury."

On the other hand, the friends of Annexation in Texas, speak of an organization in the Republic, the result of British influence, to defeat the measure in Texas, after it has triumphed in the United States. The newspaper organs of both parties naturally take hold of the subject with an appetite; but as newspapers are not the Government, nor even the public, and as we have no official news yet, it is quite too early to predict that Miss Lone Star, will be unkind or even coy to the "United States." As the Galveston News says, "*We shall see.*"

Notwithstanding what some of the newspapers say, we find from private letters, which are, at least, quite as reliable, that the great mass of the people of Texas are decidedly and unequivocally in favor of annexation under the resolutions.

WONDERFUL MACHINERY.

M. Van Petersen, a Dutch sculptor, resident in Paris, has invented a wonderful machine—no less than an artificial arm, which gives to persons deprived of their arms the power of performing for themselves actions the most simple and necessary to existence. The committee of the Academy have seen the invention of M. Van Petersen upon five mutilated individuals, and, among others, upon an invalid who has been deprived of both arms ever since the wars of the empire, and who, by the aid of two artificial arms, took with his hand a full glass, carried it to his mouth, drank from it without spilling a drop, and then replaced the glass upon the table from which he had taken it. The same disabled man can pick up a pin, take hold of a sheet of paper, &c. The following is a description of the invention:—

"The artificial arm of M. Van Petersen is not adapted indifferently to all who have lost an arm; those only who have preserved untouched the superior part of the humurus are fitted to profit by it, and it can render no service to those who have no stump, and have submitted to an amputation of the shoulder. The invention is composed of three parts, articulated and moveable, which represent the arm, the forearm, and the hand. This last composes a kind of wrist, with fingers of triple phalangue, moveable, and maintained in a firm state of flexion and resistance with the thumb by springs. The whole weighs scarcely five hundred grammes, (equal to about a pound of the standard weight of the mint of Paris.) The stump of the maimed arm is received in a cavity of the machine, and the following is the contrivance by aid of which M. Van Petersen has succeeded in making the different parts play upon one another. A corset is fastened over the breast. To this corset are attached catgut strings, some of which are fixed to the forearm, others to the fingers. When the maimed man carries the stump forward he exerts a traction upon the forearm and bends it on the arm. When, on the contrary, he moves it backward, the forearm stretches out upon [illegible] the hand is carried to or removed from the mouth. The movements of the fingers are produced by analogous mechanism; and the committee have been struck with the celerity and precision to which mutilated persons have arrived in executing them."

ANOTHER BRUTE.

We gave, last week, the reported particulars of the murder of a wife in New York State, and have, this, another terrible affair, similar in intent, though not successful, and quite equal to the poisoning case in atrocity. The Auburn Journal furnishes the particulars of an extraordinary attempt, by a man of the name of Lorenzo Patrick, to make way with his wife, with whom, it is said, he had never previously exchanged a single cross word. He went to his well, and while there called for his wife to help him in getting a hen out, which he said had fallen in. While she was leaning over the curb he caught her by the feet and plunged her overhead first, into the well, which is about twenty-five feet deep, the water coming up within some four feet of the platform. She retained her hold of the rope for its whole length, and finally succeeded in climbing up, got out of the water with her feet upon the stone, and screamed for help.

The scoundrel then got a light and returned to the work, and taking a board, undertook to jam her down into the water. She said, "Lorenzo, for God's sake don't murder me!" and he replied, "I won't." He then got over into the curb and let himself down so as to put his feet on her legs, and tried to push her feet from the stone on which they were placed. Now she clenched fast hold of his pantaloons, and by his help, raised herself so that she got hold of the curb. At this same time he got out of the well, and taking his knife, cut off the rope, which he supposed she was still holding on, as he says he never saw her come out of the well.

She managed to escape, and giving the alarm, the husband was arrested, but managed to get away again. Mrs. Patrick is a woman of delicate health, has been married five years, and has two children. Both husband and wife have always borne a good character, but it is now supposed that the design upon her life must have been for some time premeditated. It is, indeed, wonderful, to what lengths a man may be carried by his evil passions.

THE ENGLISH DEBT.

It is stated that the National Debt of England was last year reduced $7,000,000—almost two millions pound sterling. This is small indeed, compared with the great aggregate, but every reduction of the principal diminishes the taxation for the interest. England's National Debt, holden principally by her own subjects, and viewed more in the light of a chance for investment in a sure, but moderately remunerating stock, is not considered by her statesmen as a disadvantage, but rather as a guarantee for the loyalty of her subjects. They do not wish to disturb a government the overturn of which would beggar so many thousands.

UNITED STATES GAZETTE.

We notice that our neighbor of the United States keeps throwing off his quiet jokes, as though he breathed nothing else. He has lived down more than one generation of punsters, and still continues his Philadelphia propensity as incorrigibly, as though he were not a patriarch. In his last, speaking of a *Temperance Grammar*, written and published in Ohio, the Gazette says: "We have not seen it, and, therefore, cannot judge of its merits. We suppose, of course, the *article* which causes intemperance is declined, though under the old system, it was indeclinable."

MORSE'S TELEGRAPH.

We learn that Morse's Telegraph is to be extended from Baltimore to New York as rapidly as the wires can be laid and protected. The line between Philadelphia and New York will be put in operation first. A private company has the work in charge. Won't this cause great doings among stock-jobbers!

APPOINTMENTS.

The United States Senate has adjourned *sine die*, having first confirmed T. F. Carpenter, as Collector, at Providence, R. I., and Mr. Joselyn, as Postmaster, at Newport, R. I.

Among appointments made since, we hear of the Hon. Robert Rantoul, U. S. District Attorney for Massachusetts, and the late Governor Morton, Collector of the Port of Boston.

William H. Coale, Jr., Esq., has received the appointment of Surveyor of the Port of Baltimore, vice Thomas Lloyd, Esq., removed.

S. S. Southworth, now of the New York Custom House, has been appointed Consul to Japan, a new office, it is said.

Isaac H. Wright has been appointed Navy Agent at Boston, vice J. Vincent Browne, removed.

Amos Kendall is appointed Post Master at Washington; and Mr. Medary, of Ohio, Assistant P. M. General.

STOCKS, &C.

Letters received from England, by the last steamer, states that money was still very abundant at 2 to 3 per cent. In American stocks there was not much doing, but there had been some sales Pennsylvania 5s at 62½, equal to about 76 here. The quotations were New York 5s 93 a 94; do. City 92 a 94; Ohio 6s 88 a 89; Pennsylvania 5s 69 a 70; Maryland 5s 65; Massachusetts sterling 5s 102 a 104; Louisiana 5s, Bank of Louisiana 90; Cons. Ass. of planters 60 a 65; do. stg. 65 a 70; Union Bank 5s 60; U. S. Bank shares $1 per share.

IMPORTANT CASE.

The Wilmington (Del.) Gazette, of Tuesday, says, Captain Gray, of that city, was arrested, on Friday last, upon the charge of being engaged in the slave trade on the coast of Africa, a few months since, while commander of the brig Agnes. He gave the bail ($5,000) required by Judge Hall, the district judge, to appear in court at New Castle and take his trial, in June next. The charges were preferred by the Hon. Henry A. Wise, he having cause to suspect the brig when on the coast of Brazil.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

By reference to our record of legislative doings, it will be perceived that both houses have united on a resolution to adjourn on the 15th of April. As the Appropriation Bill is now disposed of, and the heavier routine business of the session is accomplished, we are inclined to think that the legislative furnace will leave much less in amount of legislative clinkers undisposed of, than at any previous recent session. The work will be done up tolerably clean and few or no loose ends left.

THE ANTI-RENTERS.

Accounts from Delhi, New York, represent that town as still in great excitement, apprehending an attack upon the jail to liberate certain anti-renters imprisoned there. All business is suspended, and the church, academy and other public buildings, are turned into barracks. Great excitement prevailed, but there was a determination to defend the law, at all hazards. Broughton, alias "Big Thunder," is on trial at Hudson.

INSANE HOSPITAL.

A Bill for the erection of a State Lunatic Asylum, in New Jersey, has passed both branches of the Legislature. It passed in the Lower House, by a vote of, ayes 41, nays 8.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Public Taste—Literary Meetings—No More Smoke—Advance of Wages—Paris Fashions—Parisian Frivolities—Three Hundred Thieves Captured—Singular Accident—Remarkable Honesty—Deer to the Poor—Varieties too numerous to Specify.

Bristol, England, March 1, 1845.

It is very gratifying to observe in every part of England, a decided improvement in the [illegible], and employment of leisure, amongst the working classes. Public libraries, lecture rooms, Mechanics' Institutes, Parks and even Baths for the poor, are all the rage. In Manchester, there has been a meeting of thousands once every week, in the Free Trade Hall, and as many at the Athenæum Soirees, at one of which Lord John Manners, the Hon. E. S. Smythe, (author of Coningsby) and other distinguished men were present; at another Sir Henry Pottinger—and all this for the poor—but remember, I mean for the industrious poor, not for the idle and listless, who are everlastingly on the grumble, instead of doing their work. At Manchester, too, such is the progress of Science, that an Act of Parliament has been obtained to the effect that every furnace used in Manchester must be so constructed that it must consume its own smoke, under a heavy penalty. Within the last month the manufacturers of Carlisle have advanced the wages of the weavers 9 per cent. Surely the Millennium is coming.

The fashions in Paris, are described as unusually rich and gay. For morning promenade or visiting-dresses, satins are taking the place of velvets—the favorite colors being ponceau, dark green, olive and garter blue, trimmed with real Russian sable. Already, notwithstanding the cold, new bonnets are making their appearance—in poult de soie covered with crape; others, in royal velvet, ornamented with three feathers and a very rich ribbon. Ornaments in the eastern style are *à la mode*; gold fringe, and very rich silk trimmings to form berthes, and fronts to robes of crape or tarlatane. India muslin is used for tunics, and trimmed with rich embroidery. For evening dress, robes of white crape, with small puffed sleeves surrounded by an agraffe of ribbons. Garlands of natural camelias are worn in the hair. But I will dwell more on this subject in my next.

All Paris is in raptures with the "Thirty-Six Little Dancers from Vienna." This is something quite new at the Opera, and the performances of the *trente-six* have been honored by the presence of Royalty. The children range from five to thirteen years of age, and are under the matronly care of Madame Weiss. The Queen of the French, however, would not consent to witness the spectacle, observing that the Opera was a bad school—a school of vice for such young children. Her majesty is right. These "thirty-six" are expected, ere long, in England. The Police of Paris captured two hundred and ninety-seven reputed thieves in two coffee-houses, (known resorts of evil,) on the night of Saturday week! On their examination, only *one* was set at liberty!—an honest countryman, who had found his way into bad company by mistake.

A few days since, during a remarkably heavy fog in Manchester, Mr. Forsythe was killed by a railway train passing over him, and singular to relate, his son was in one of the cars on his way to the funeral of his sister. Imagine his horror when, on the cars stopping, he saw the mangled body of his parent, who was also going to the funeral. It is always a pleasure to record instances of honesty. Some years ago, Mr. James Gunstone, of Taunton, failed for a large amount in business. He then commenced as a baker, was successful, and the other day he paid all his old debts, with interest. The Duke of Marlborough has just directed two hundred deer to be shot, and given to the poor of Woodstock. Messrs. Smith, the London distillers, prosecuted for illicit distillation, are sued by the Excise for fines in the Exchequer, to the tune of only £375,000! One Mr. George Morris, has been committed for trial, at Manchester, on the charge of having married three wives! Mr. Gallop, of Crewe, has been poisoned by his daughter. £150 were found in his drawers,—the temptation, it is feared, to the crime. The daughter was hanged a few days since. The Government pays £1,000,000 a year for the suppression of smuggling;—yet "Will Watch, the bold smuggler," still pursues his vocation. The inventor of the new art of printing, has sold his patent for £50,000. So say the journals—but *query*? There are one thousand Italian boys (sad vagabonds) in London and the large towns. At Sligo, Mrs. McKim has been arrested, charged with aiding in the murder of her husband.

The informational power and correctness of the London Post Office, is shown up by the fact, that a boy on board a vessel at Calcutta, lately had a letter presented to him—postage £2. It had followed him from London to Hobart Town, Sydney, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, the Mauritius, and back again to Calcutta—having travelled thirty thousand miles, and been a year and eight months *en route*. A most despotic order has been issued at Lippe, in Germany, which prohibits people from singing in their own houses after seven o'clock in the evening! A curate and his servant were barbarously murdered near Nantes, in France, about a fortnight ago. A "signal marine trumpet" has been invented in London, which, by a self-acting principle, can be heard for six miles. A soldier of the regiment of Carabineers, named Isidore Carren, has been sentenced to death, in Paris, for spitting in the face of his sergeant. The Earl of Craven has given permission to his tenants to kill all the game on his estates. A vast weaving establishment has been completed at Bradford, two hundred and forty feet long, and one hundred and thirty feet wide. The interior arrangements are such, that the wool is taken in at one door, and after going through all the processes, without being taken either up or down a single step—it is carried out in the shape of fine broad cloth, through the door, at the opposite end of the building. A "Rock Manifesto" has been sent to Mr. Westhropp, near Limerick, warning him, that if he did not discharge a certain servant, he and his wife would be murdered, and their place burnt down. What horrid tyranny! Freeman, the American giant and prize-fighter, is to be matched against an English giant and prize-fighter; both men exceeding seven feet in stature. The British cotton goods sent to the United States in 1844, were 22,270,857 yards, against 15,682,120 yards in 1843;—also in 1844, 548,786 lbs. of cotton thread; against only 491,976 lbs. in 1843. So this branch of cotton exports is increasing. Another expedition of exploration and science, is to be sent, this year, to the Arctic Regions, under the command of Sir James Ross, or Sir John Franklin. Two men, John McInnes, and another, were frozen to death near Lanark, in Scotland, a few days since. The Duchess of Gordon has presented £1,000 to the new college of the Free Church of Scotland. It is said that there were recently 4,500 Jews visiting at Jerusalem—a greater number than at any one period since the days of Titus.

Last week, Mr. John Ogden prosecuted Miss Mary Cook (a very pretty woman) for a theft of twenty-four sovereigns, at Bury;—but within three days of the prosecution, he married her! The Arabic Translation of the missing books of Galen's great work on Anatomy, has been found in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. A young girl, named Jody Flaherty, made a gallant resistance against seven men, who came to her father's house, near Munroe, Ireland, and attacked and attempted to murder Mr. Flaherty, Senior, and her mother, both of whom are in a dangerous state. A workman, named Wood, lately presented the Queen with the shell of a Nautilus, curiously engraved with emblems and records of history. In return, Her Majesty presented him with a purse of gold, and having required his address (Harp Court, Fleet Street) sent him a proof engraving of Sir George Hayter's Coronation Picture, richly framed. There is quite a contest going on in the papers—"ladies *versus* wives"—whether it should be "Sir Robert Peel and his lady—Mr. Smith and his lady—or Sir R. P. and his *wife*—Mr. S. and his *wife*, &c." The wives have the best of the argument, all to nothing. Last month, at Konigsburg, in Prussia, a young lawyer spoke disrespectfully of the King—when a military officer called him out. Three shots were exchanged, the lawyer, each time, firing in the air, and retracting his expressions, as having been uttered under the influence of wine. At the fourth shot, the officer killed him, and the poor lawyer exclaimed, in his dying moments—"Sir, I congratulate you; you have won your captaincy." The King, on hearing of the circumstance, dismissed the officer *forever* from the Royal Service, with disgrace and ignominy.

Local Intelligence.

JEFFERSON COLLEGE.

The commencement exercises of the Jefferson Medical College were held on Thursday of last week. The degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on the following gentlemen by the Rev. Ashbel Green, D. D. L.L. D., President of the College; after which a Valedictory Address was delivered by Professor Meigs.

James P. Andrews, Pennsylvania; William W. Arbuckle, Virginia; Robert Oscar Beallie, Alabama; Hezekiah C. Be[illegible], New Hampshire; Benjamin P. Blackmon, Alabama; Alexander M. Blanton, Kentucky; Jas. Bond, Pennsylvania; William A. Boyd, North Carolina; Henry B. Branham, Georgia; William K. Brown, Alabama; George S. Bryant, Virginia; Edward L. Cary, Georgia; Charles B. Cates, Maine; Nathaniel E. Cogill, Virginia; Alexander Hamilton Carpenter, Pennsylvania; Edwin N. Chapman, Connecticut; Nathan H. Clark, Pennsylvania; John M. Coon, Pennsylvania; George F. Cooper, Georgia; Francis A. Crawford, Pennsylvania; Alexander Cunningham, Virginia; Benjamin H. Deacon, New Jersey; John B. Dranghon, Louisiana; James B. Duncan, Virginia; John M. Dunlap, Pennsylvania; Edward C. Dyer, Massachusetts; John B. Dyott, Pennsylvania; Jas. B. Ellis, Mississippi; John F. Evans, Pennsylvania; Thomas McKee Ferguson, Canada West; William T. Fleet, Virginia; Charles R. Foster, New Jersey; Joseph Gibbons, Pennsylvania; Thomas Gordon, Pennsylvania; Thomas A. Graves, Georgia; Abner Joseph Grubbs, Virginia; Noah E. Hackedorn, Pennsylvania; Job Haines, New Jersey; Richard N. Hall, Virginia; William P. Harden, Georgia; George F. Harris, Virginia; John H. Harwell, Georgia; Thomas Jefferson Haslett, Ohio; Benjamin Hensley, Jr., Kentucky; John Edwin Hill, Mississippi; William Henry Hill, North Carolina; Alexander Henry Huff, New York; H. Percival Hutton[illegible], Pennsylvania; George W. Hughes, Kentucky; Alexander Jones, Virginia; George Edward Outhit, Nova Scotia; Richard Montgomery Pancoast, New Jersey; William H. Pearce, South Carolina; Philip Barbour Pendleton, Virginia; Anthony L. Pillow, Tennessee; Michael Dendiel Pettiaux, Virginia; Thomas R. Potter, Ohio; R. Henry Power, Virginia; John W. Rawlins, Pennsylvania; Charles Ridgway, New Jersey; Henry Roberts, Jr., Pennsylvania; William F. Rogers, Virginia; William L. Romig, Pennsylvania; John Henry Rothrock, Pennsylvania; John M. Ruffin, Mississippi; Bushrod Rust, Virginia; Samuel P. Semple, Virginia; James Silvey, Ohio; Thomas W. Smith, Virginia; Benjamin C. Snowden, Pennsylvania; Edward R. Squibb, Pennsylvania; Miller Stewart, Pennsylvania; Alexander Thomson, Jr., Pennsylvania; Edwin B. Jones, Virginia; J. Miller Junkin, Ohio; Oliver B. Knode, Maryland; Charles L. Knowlton, Massachusetts; John F. Kurtz, Virginia; Benjamin S. Landrum, Alabama; Joseph H. Lefevre, Pennsylvania; Caleb Liggett, Pennsylvania; Joseph R. Mann, North Carolina; Charles Martin, New York; John Martin, Pennsylvania; Edwin R. Maxson, New York; Henry B. Mellinger, Pennsylvania; Nevens Mendenhall, North Carolina; James M'Conaughy, Pennsylvania; Elias Hale M'Mullen, Pennsylvania; Matthew Miller, Pennsylvania; Matthew Miller, Pennsylvania; Joshua W. Morris, Ohio; George M. Mosely, Mississippi; Armistead Randolph Mott, Kentucky; Juan Carlos Neves, Uruguay, S. A.; James L. Thompson, Tennessee; Lawrence Turnbull, Scotland; Gustavus R. Tyler, Kentucky; Samuel Oakley Van Derpool, New York; John H. Vandover, South Carolina; G. Waters, Pennsylvania; Samuel G. White, Georgia; Jonathan Sheppard Whitaker, New Jersey; Henry Whitney, Mississippi; Henry L. Whitman, Connecticut; John C. Williams, North Carolina; Charles Wilson, Pennsylvania; Elwood Wilson, Pennsylvania; Francis A. Worthington, Ohio; George Young, South Carolina; William B. Young, Virginia; Samuel P. Ziegler, Pennsylvania.

W. V. Snyder, M. D., of Indiana, and Alfred Hitchcock, M. D., of Massachusetts, were admitted to the ad eundem Degree of Doctor of Medicine in this Institution; and the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on Dr. Solomon G. Birch, of Pennsylvania. Total, 116.

RIOTING.—We regret to state, that on Saturday night, Sunday, and Sunday night, there was a resumption of a practice, which it was hoped had become obsolete—fighting among the firemen. Several citizens and others not connected with the department, were injured by the missiles which the combatants intended for each other. We wish some of those hurt, would endeavor to prosecute the offenders to conviction.

MILITARY.—On Monday, the National and Philadelphia Greys paraded. The National Greys appeared, for the first time, in their new uniform, which is very splendid. The Philadelphia Greys paraded for target firing, and proceeded over Schuylkill. The latter company made a large turn out, and both excited much attention.

STABBING.—Francis Paynter, a son of Col. Paynter, of Southwark, was stabbed on Friday evening, by some person, in the lower part of the abdomen, while walking along Fourth street, near Shippen. The weapon used was a sword from a cane. The wound is serious, and it is feared may prove troublesome and dangerous.

LOCAL ELECTIONS.—On Tuesday last the election for Aldermen and other local officers took place in the city and county. In the City proper the Whigs carried eleven wards out of fifteen, the Democrats two, and the Natives two. Northern Liberties—the Democrats succeeded in four wards, the Natives in two, and in the other the Democratic Alderman and a mixed ticket were elected. In Spring Garden the Natives succeeded in two wards, and the Democrats in two. In Moyamensing the Whigs, Natives and Democrats, carried a ward apiece, and in the other the Democrats and Natives each elected part. In Southwark the Natives carried every thing. In Kensington the Democrats carried three wards, and the Natives two. The vote was small, comparatively small, and no doubt much affected by considerations having no strict party relation.

CIGARS.—Speck & Haggerty have some very excellent cigars, of all varieties, from the mild as a zephyr for sensitive palates, to the strong as a thunder-gust for older smokers—with all the intermediate shades and flavors, tastes and complexions.

MISS PORTER.

We noticed, at the time it was despatched, the sending of a Rocking Chair to Miss Jane Porter, by the booksellers and others of New York. The following is the answer of the lady.

PORTLAND SQUARE, BRISTOL,
February 17th 1845.

Dear Sir—It was not until late in last December, that I had the honor of receiving your highly gratifying letter, dated October 28, 1844, and sedited in the name of those esteemed literary characters, who have distinguished its object by writing their signatures at its close.

Illness alone, or rather a continuous state of shattered and therefore uncertain health, has held me so long from duly acknowledging so great a compliment. It was, indeed, a surprise of pleasantness to me in my present seclusion from the general world. It was a reviving sunbeam from the far west on my setting day—from a hemisphere on whose shores, northward and southward, my heart hath often delighted to dwell.

The late Sir Robert Ker Porter, my honored and lamented brother, well knew that interest [illegible] from sea to sea. As a traveller he visited the United States, and for more than sixteen years, he served his country unreservingly and effectively, as British Minister at the Venezuelean Republic in South America, through the difficulties and dangers of its military and political struggles, until he left it, early in the spring of 1841, in peace and commercial prosperity. During all that period and for years previous, wherever he was placed, his exemplary virtues, both public and private, were my study from youth to age, and meanwhile I often attempted to engraft their unostentatious models for manly excellence, into the represented characters of my successive works. Those very works which, in the course of a publication of nearly half a century, have indeed brought me rewards beyond all golden price—namely such high and conscientious testimonials as those I am now acknowledging, in the approbation and sympathy of so large a portion of the great European nation, now established on the vast continent of the New World.

Allow, me therefore, dear sir, to express to you, though inadequately, my deep sense of the intellectual honor, and also of the more precious Christian suffrage conferred on me, in the terms with which you have conveyed the gratifying sentiments of your distinguished countrymen, in the beautiful official letter which accompanied their costly and elegantly emblematic present to me, a softly cushioned Easy Chair, manufactured in New York, voted by their warm and genial hearts to the hereafter repose of an old and now venerated authoress, of their ancient parent land! Such a memorial of "Past and Present" cannot but be doubly estimated by the heart that has received it, and may I ask of your goodness to represent this grateful response to those highly considered Literati of New York, who have so honorably held me in their memories.

His Lordship, the Mayor of London, on its arrival from the United States, kindly lost no time in forwarding the deal case, with its content, to my usual address in town, "at John Shepherd's, Esq., The Square—Kensington, London," where they are now in safe charge until I visit the capitol myself.

Meanwhile I am putting the last touches to a strict revision of the three works of my early youth, most especially noticed in your approving letter, for a new and illustrated edition now in the press, beginning with "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and to be published by Mr. Geo. Virtue, of Joy Lane, London, in the course of the summer. When it is ready for publication, I shall have great pleasure in requesting him to forward one of the first copies to New York, addressed to its respected Chief Magistrate, the Honorable James Harper, being a small tribute of esteem from her who has much satisfaction in subscribing herself,

Dear sir, your truly obliged
and sincere humble servant
JANE PORTER.

The Hon'ble James Harper.

IRON.

We see it stated, that the consumption in the United States, of iron, in the crude state, amounts to $42,000,000 per annum, nearly equal to the whole value of raw cotton produced in the United States at present prices. According to Mr. Virlet, France, Sweden, Russia, and all the civilized powers on the continent, only produce about 700,000 tons per annum. The quantity of iron imported into the United States, in 1844, was 99,474 tons, valued at $3,484,499. The following paragraph, from the London Dispatch, of March 2d, will be interesting to those of our readers who are concerned in the iron trade:

"If we are to judge by the recent repeated advances in the prices of iron, it is difficult to say when the value of the article will reach its height. During the last week another advance of £1 per ton has taken place. This is the second advance of 20s. since quarter day, and the large masters at Birmingham maintain that not only will the present price be sustained, but, in all probability, a further rise will take place before many weeks pass over. Most of the great firms have now more orders on hand than they can execute for the next twelve months; and this circumstance, combined with the high price of iron in Wales and the Midland districts, is already beginning to drive large orders abroad. The advance in the price has been no less than £3 per ton since the middle of January, and most of the projectors of the new railway schemes now before the Board of Trade or Parliament had, of necessity, to satisfy the public whom they solicited to become proprietors, concluded their estimates of probable cost before their Parliamentary notice was given in November. In such a length of line as that from Tring through Worcester to Wolverhampton or the Great Northern, the additional cost, owing to the great advance in the price of iron, will be immense. Amongst the most distressed of the working population of the neighborhood—chiefly located at Bromsgrove, Halesowen, and Lye-in-the-Waste, and Dudley, have, for the last few years, been the poor nailers. Some years back, when the trade was at its lowest ebb, the masters were compelled to deduct twenty per cent. from the wages of the employed. This week, however, a meeting of the masters was held at Dudley, at which it was resolved to reduce the discount upon wages from twenty to ten per cent., and it is believed, notwithstanding the opposition of some of the smaller manufacturers, that the most extensive and respectable nail makers will abolish the discount altogether, and pay the work people the full twenty shillings in the pound."

LAWYERS.

The following are John Neal's notions of Lawyers as Legislators and Public Officers; and they certainly contain many things and thoughts which are worth notice and consideration. Mr. Neal, as our readers are aware, is no mincer of words when he takes a subject in hand:

We have had enough, and more than enough, *of profession*:—of professional arrogance, of professional insolence, of professional monopoly, and in plain English, of professional ignorance, imbecility and pretension. It is high time for the PEOPLE to attend to their own business.

I am no enemy to my brethren of the bar—as Men. I give them credit for all they are worth, and more, too, as a class. But I would encourage a wholesome watchfulness—a reasonable jealousy; for I do insist upon it, that they enjoy altogether too much power. They monopolize the whole *sovereignty* of this land. At one and the same time, they are the Legislative Power, and the Executive Power. They make the laws—they interpret the laws—and they carry those very laws into execution; occupying about every office of trust and power, worth having, from the highest to the lowest, in the whole country.

I go farther. I maintain that inasmuch as the LAWYERS of these United States, do of themselves, constitute the sole governing power; they are in every sense of the word, not an *Aristocracy*, for that were harmless in comparison; but an OLIGARCHY, though an elective oligarchy; the people having the privilege of choosing their masters from among them, and that is all.

The mischiefs are incalculable—too much law—laws wholly unintelligible to the mass—incapable of application to the great business of life, till after having been made by lawyers, they have been solemnly argued by lawyers—before lawyers—and solemnly decided by lawyers; *and every step at the charge of the people*: ever shifting legislation—everlasting speeches—and everlasting sessions—and *all at the charge of the people*: the whole business of the country being put off to the last few days of the session, and then huddled through with a profligate shamelessness, utterly disheartening to the men of business, the creditors of the Government, and the people at large, and utterly disgraceful to the country: most important Bills, either wholly overlooked in the pigeon-holes of state, or passed hap-hazard, like so many patch-work Resolutions, at a town meeting in the open air, under a high wind, or a heavy rain. Give the lawyers all the power they are entitled to—even a little more, and I, as one of them, shall be among the last to complain. Acknowledge their talents—their education—their experience—and their *modesty*, if you will; but do not give them *all power*—do not make that *one* profession, THE LAW, a highway, and the only highway to dominion; and the gift of the gab the only qualification. Have an eye to business, and *you are safe*.

They enjoy now, and must always enjoy the *whole Judiciary power*—which is equal to one third of the whole sovereign power, even if excluded from the Legislature and Executive. And if one third part of the whole sovereign power of the country will not satisfy them, constituting as they do, not a *thousandth* part of our whole population—what will satisfy them? And where will they stop?

Choose men of business; plain, straight-forward, practical men of business, but little given to speech making—*doers* rather than *talkers*, and your business will be done. And why? Simply because the busiest men best understand the value of time, and have the least to throw away upon Legislative trifling.

The Halls of Congress—the Legislative Halls of the several States, throughout the whole country, are at this time, little better than so many Debating Schools for the fledglings of the law—for those who would rather make speeches for the newspapers, than mind their own business, either at home or abroad.

Casualties.

☞ A man, named Wilcox, was run over by the Springfield train, on Thursday week—he was shockingly mangled, and died instantly. Another man, named Labree, had his leg cut off and his body injured, by the Cabot and Springfield train. He is not expected to live. And another man on the same day had the toes of his feet cut off by the locomotive on the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad. His foot was afterwards amputated.

☞ Miss Mary A. Capp, fainted in one of the Boot Mills, Lowell, on Monday afternoon week, and fell between the lathe and the picker-box of her loom, where her head was dreadfully pounded—how long, no one knows, for there chanced to be no one near to observe the accident immediately. The unfortunate girl was alive on Wednesday, but her life is despaired of.

☞ On Saturday afternoon, in New York, a youth named Peter Young, aged 17, apprentice to James Jarvis, went out on the flat roof, a shed some 50 feet from the ground, by order of his employer, to set some article out to dry, and pulling a door that went with a pully too hard, by the breaking of the pully rope he was precipitated to the earth and died shortly after.

☞ The Mobile Tribune states that on the night of the 12th inst., Capt. Samuel H. Marshall, of the ship Powhattan, of Baltimore, lying in the bay, when going down in the schr. Nimrod, for the purpose of bringing up his wife and child to the city, fell overboard and was drowned, although every exertion was made to save him.

☞ A young man named Stephen G. Tutt, while at work in a saw mill in Woodford Co., Ky., belonging to Col. Benton, a few days since, was, by his own carelessness or bad management, thrown against a circular saw, which immediately severed his head, one hand and one thigh from his body.

Army & Navy.

THE PREBLE.

In our last we mentioned the sickness on board the U. S. Sloop-of-War Preble. In a letter published in the Boston Post, we find the following particulars: "The sailing master, Wm. A. Henry, and midshipman Smith, of Salem, Mass., had died. Capt. Freedland had been very low, but was recovering. Lieutenant Miller had left in the Erie for the United States. Lieut. M. was on the sick list. Passed midshipman Fox was appointed sailing master, in place of Henry, deceased. One hundred of the crew were sick and on shore—sixteen had died. The Preble went last fall, during the sickly season, to Bissau, on the coast of Africa, to relieve the inhabitants from an attack made on that place by the negroes. The officers and crew of the Preble were mostly northern men, as are all, or nearly all those who have hitherto been ordered to the coast of Africa by the former Secretaries of the Navy; and hence the fatal illness which prostrates so many. The cruise of the Preble was considered as up. The physicians recommended strongly that her crew should not again, in their present feeble state of health, be ordered to the coast.

☞ The U. S. frigate Savannah, and the sloop Warren, was on the Pacific coast on the 15th of January, and expected at Lima in a month. The following is a list of the vessels of war in the Pacific, on the 15th of January, viz:—American: Savannah, 60 guns; Warren, 24; Levant, 20; Shark, 12; Relief, 6. French: Uranie, 60; Triumphant, 20; Bosula, 24; Phaeton, 4; Cusene, 51; Charte, 54; Ambuscade, 26. English: Collingwood, 80; Thalia, 42; America, 50; Fisgard, 42; Modest, 20; Talbot, 26; Carysforte, 28; English steamers, Cormorant and Salamander.

☞ It is understood that some changes will be made in the destination of ships of war. Several will be ordered to cruise in the Gulf of Mexico, and the force in the Pacific will be increased.

General News.

☞ The Supreme Court of North Carolina has decided, in the great case of Rives, against the Portsmouth Railroad Company, the claim of Rives to the superstructure, buildings and bridges of the company is a valid one—thereby giving to him the road, &c., which he claimed. It will be remembered that Mr. Rives caused a portion of the road to be taken up, to force an adjustment of his claims.

☞ Ira G. Frazier, of Troy, has been held to bail in the sum of $1,000, to answer the charge of improper treatment, in the removal of a cancer from the breast of a Mrs. Cauldwell. A coroner's inquest was held upon the body of Mrs. Cauldwell, a few days since, which rendered a verdict of guilty against Frazer. Such should be the course, in every case of doubtful character.

☞ The population of the United States doubles once in 23½ years; British Isles 42 years; Prussia 36 years; Germany about 60 years; Russia 66 years; Netherlands 56½ years; Austria 69 years; Italy 61½ years, and France 105 years. Old Europe will be in a glorious minority some years hence.

☞ The St. Louis Republican says that extensive discoveries of mineral have been made in Edwardsville, Grant county, W. T. One of the leads struck by a Mr. Day, is represented as being an extensive cave, something like those lately discovered at Dubuque and in Jefferson county, Missouri.

WELL DISPOSED OF.—The managers of the ball held at Carusi's Saloon, in Washington, on the 4th of March, have appropriated the amount of profits, $1,132 58, to charitable purposes, in equal proportions, to the "Washington City Orphan Asylum," and the "St. Vincent Orphan Asylum."

☞ The first Lodge of Old Fellows at Nantucket, was instituted on last Saturday evening. A number of the Order from Boston and New Bedford, assisted in the ceremony.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, &c. *See St. Louis Reveille, 17 Waterloo Street, Cincinnati Gazette, and Cincinnati Atlas.*

JOHN SHERMAN, Esq., is our Agent for Ohio.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our Agents for Maryland.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Louisiana.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and Middle States and Canada, and for Wheeling, Virginia.

Wheeler, Williams & Co. *Wheeling Times*.

Wm. Wheeler, *Wheeling Gazette*.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A PIERCE collects for us in Penn.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilchester.

Notices of New Works.

Godey's Magazine, for April. As the engraving published in the March number of this work, was not colored, of course we keep on the safe side of the bridge by making ours not to copy. There is no knowing but the Marshal of the District may get a writ of error between us, if we worry. However, as the United States Saturday Post is not to be caught up to the Capitol this month, the copy what he says. Who's afraid?

The April number has been published, and for fear using that last sort you are not expecting it, was the pleasure, on Saturday morning last, of Dr. P. Morris, editor of the gallery, and many famous song-writer and poet. There is a beautiful "Ringlet" engraved for the April No., and Willis himself adds, as a kind of postscript, a brief account of the manner of a lady of fashion, in the middle of the warmth of friendship, and "one of the best ways to show it is to write elaborately." We have not the leisure, now urged and southern visitors—but if Dr. Morris will send us a copy of the April No., we will read it, and tell you what we think of it. Meanwhile, we refer our friends to the editor of Neville's well sunny style of engraving. We have seen a number of specimens of his work, and we know, during many days, more elegant or acceptable illustrations to the Ladies' Book, and yet the price is the same as that with this, promises better effects yet to come. There is an old adage of Shakespeare's, which we have forgotten which says, "to hear is to obey;" but Mr. Graham has anticipated our wishes, and we have only to look at his work, and with him, "to say is to do, is a precept well worthy the attention of all who wish to please."

Godey's Lady's Book, for April. Contents: Mrs. Sigourney; Mrs. Kinney; Mrs. Osgood; Mrs. Embury; Mrs. Ellet; Mrs. Lee; Mrs. Osgood; Fanny Forrester; Virginia J. Cloyd; L. P. Whipple; and numerous others of great merit.

Popular Lectures on Astronomy. *By M. Arago. With Additions and Corrections. By Dr. Lardner. New York: Harper & Brothers.* Published by Gould & Co., and T. B. Peterson. With Arago for our author, and Lardner for a reviewer, the reader will not require us to say any thing in praise of this work. The name of Arago is at the head of the roll of fame in France, and Englishmen is, perhaps, a man unrecorded, is our duty, for the variety and accuracy of his scientific knowledge. The work is published in 2 vols. 12mo., at $1 each "for the People," and we would take nobody's guarantee for the publication of such a series unread by ourself. Mr. McElrath's.

Godey's Lady's Book. "Another stamper!"—Copy right is the touch again! Well, we suppose copyright is right enough—for it does seem a hard case to have one's property in peculiar ideas and expressions appropriated the humble newspapers clean, corrected printed matter to pass from hand to hand, and reach those who cannot afford to purchase. As the newspapers are not copy righted there is no impropriety in saying that they are conscious to the purpose of the reader. It is pleasant to see that the periodicals agree on one thing, occasionally, and pleasanter to find them, on that account, more ready to say a word in a beautiful and interesting number of the newspaper.

Memoirs of the Literary Ladies of England. *From the Commencement of the Last Century. By Mrs. Elwood, Author of "An Unrelated Journey to India" Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This work is published by Lea & Blanchard, and concludes with Mrs. Macleod. It is a very interesting compilation. We see from its nature and contents, find a very large circle of readers in this country; where, from the cheapness of reading, and the general diffusion of education, the Literary Ladies of England are much better known to common class of society.

Religion, *As Seen Through the Church. New York: Stanford & Swords. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This is a beautifully printed volume, in which twelve religious churches, avowedly written in defence of the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church, are doctrines and forms. It will be printed principally, therefore, by members of that communion, to the exclusion of the numerous class of readers. *We know not* that it will be found highly worthy their attention.

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Fires.

Great Fire in this City.—On Saturday morning last, fire, supposed to be the work of an incendiary, broke out in the extensive six story and four story, of Messrs. Lee, Bunker & Co., Nos. 143, 145, and 147 North Water street. The whole was consumed, together with its contents, 2,000 barrels of corn meal, 1,500 bushels of wheat, and several hundred barrels of flour. The building adjoining, occupied by the same firm, took fire, but soon saved, though the contents were damaged, and some of the walls of the building burned. The building burned belonged to the heirs of Paul Beck. The whole loss was estimated by the Chief Engineer at several thousand dollars. The alarm was given Saturday and Sunday, by the breaking out of the flames about, among the grain, &c., which had fallen to the cellar. The firemen worked with indomitable energy.

☞ A fire broke out on Wednesday week, in the furnace of Johnson, Gitet & Co., of Troy, N. Y. The fire caught, it is supposed, from the cupola furnace. The damage is estimated at almost $1,000, and is covered by insurance. It will require a week to put the furnace in working order again.

☞ Fire at Carlisle.—The Council House and Court House, in the borough of Carlisle, were destroyed by fire on Sunday last, together with an engine house adjoining. The destruction of the latter building, by destroying the apparatus, insured the loss of the others. The borough records were lost, but the Court records were saved.

☞ A fire occurred at Prince Edwards' Island, on the 25th ult., in which three sisters of the name of M'Lean, aged respectively seven years of age, perished in the flames. Another fire broke out at the same place, on the 6th instant, and a large building known as the Royal Hotel, was destroyed, with others.

☞ The beautiful residence of J. S. Yerger, Esq., in Vicksburg, Mississippi, was totally destroyed by fire, on the morning of Sunday, the 16th instant, and nothing was left of it, but the chimneys and brick walls. Much of the furniture, books, &c. was saved, but the major part was consumed by the flames.

☞ In Baltimore, on Friday night week, the dwelling house of Mrs. Simpson, No. 3 Gough street, was much damaged by fire, and on Saturday morning, the second and third stories of the large house corner of Baltimore and Hanover streets, were burnt out, and considerable property destroyed.

☞ The New Orleans Picayune mentions a fire occurring on a steamer five in the town of Clinton, by which Col. James Holmes lost about $18,000 in goods, &c. Col. Lyons and Mr. Kohler also lost considerably—the building was owned by J. S. B. Gray.

☞ The stabling in the rear of Sexton's Hotel, Dunstown, Pa., also the granary of Mr. McClellan, were destroyed by fire. We have not the particulars of the loss.

☞ The stores of H. E. Lawrence, merchandize broker, and of T. W. Ellis, commission merchant, at New Orleans, were destroyed by fire on the 13th inst.

☞ A house belonging to Isaac Nichols, and two dwellings belonging to Mr. James Nichols, were destroyed by fire in Newark, N. J., on Saturday last.

☞ The Jones River Cotton Factory, in Kingston, Mo., owned by Messrs. Allen & Barnes, was destroyed by fire, on Sunday week.

☞ On the 12th inst., Fletcher's Hotel, at Memphis, Tenn., was totally destroyed by fire. The total loss is estimated at $15,000.

☞ The Methodist Episcopal Church in the borough of Uniontown, was injured by fire a few days since.

Crimes.

☞ The Fonda (N. Y.) Sentinel, states that a woman, by the name of Van Valkenburgh, residing in the town of Perth, Fulton county, murdered her husband a few days since, by administering poison to him in his tea or other drink. All the reliable particulars of the foul deed we have been unable to obtain. The woman, however, has been arrested, but previous to her arrest she took means to escape (which were desperate,) she fell from the loft of a barn, where she sought concealment, and broke her thigh bone, and was also disabled, and was otherwise severely injured. It is said she has made a full confession of the murder.

☞ We learn from the Quincy, (Mass.) Patriot, that on St. Patrick's eve, Irish men, Irish laborers on the Railroad, visited the rum shop of a Mr. Perry, of that town, and that a quarrel arose between Perry and the men, that Perry followed them some distance, and shot two of the men dead on the road, with a double-barrel gun. Another gun was procured, and the third man wounded in the neck. A Coroner's jury sat on the occasion, and rendered a verdict of willful murder. Perry has been arrested.

☞ On Friday night of last week, two fire companies in Baltimore got into a riot, in which one was severely cut, and bruised, and brickbats thrown. The new engine of the Independent Fire Company was thrown over a steep bank into Harford Run, and broken up. On Saturday night another riot took place, and similar scenes were enacted.

☞ A cold blooded murder was committed in Jersey City, on the night of the 15th inst., while religious churches, avowedly written in defence and strengthen the Protestant Episcopal Church, doctrines and forms. It will be printed principally, therefore, by members of that communion, to the exclusion of the numerous class of readers. *We know not* that it will be found highly worthy their attention.

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☞ Henry George Mitchell, late Chief Justice of Michigan, died, on the 8th inst. He held the office both under the Territorial and State governments, and possessed talent of an elevated order.

☞ The case of Capt. Sangster will be remembered; convicted of an assault on Hon. John Q. Adams. He has been pardoned by the President, Mr. Adams being among the petitioners.

☞ Gen. Bratish, Count Ehrevich, &c., &c., the celebrated *impostor*, is now confined in the Debtor's prison in Malta for a debt of seven shillings.

☞ The line of steam packets by sea, from Philadelphia to New York, has been bought by the Delaware and Raritan Canal Company.

☞ Edward J. Black, as the Attorney of the State of Indiana, advertises for sale three hundred thousand acres of land in Cass county.

☞ There was in the port of New Orleans, on Saturday, March 15th, 196 ships, 59 barques, 26 brigs and 37 schooners.

LITERARY.

We learn by the correspondence of the New York Mirror, that the literary world across the water, is on the qui vive for Lord Brougham's Life of Voltaire, which appears in English and in French, on the same day, in London and in Paris.

Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew, is now read with more avidity than ever on account of the denunciations of the Jesuits which appear in all the pulpits in Paris, and the placards put up in several of the churches forbidding members to allow their children to read the work.

GOOD ADVICE.

A correspondent of the Brooklyn Star has the following, which we endorse, and call readers (single) on the shady side of thirty, will acknowledge embodies good advice:

"My dear sir, if you are going to marry, marry an old maid—a good old maid—who is serious, and simple, and true. Don't be smitten with a mind-ed Miss, who are all the time hunting after a husband. I tell you that when a woman gets married, she loses her self-esteem and falls in love with her husband. Don't be smitten with a clear, or community of persons, so belied, as to be ashamed of it. Don't fall and run after the vulgar notion of romances, and shallow pates of fashionable life. Don't marry because you have seen a pretty face, or because you think they never had the love of a true woman—that these are continually lying in wait to catch husbands, and that you, poor, unsuspecting old-blooded intent—for whether is worse, the single blessedness of genuine celibacy, or to lean upon you for life, or that one should seem you as a victim, to excite jealousy in others, or as a last resort.

"Marry a healthy, well-bred woman, between twenty-eight and thirty-five, who is inclined to love you, and never bewilder your brain with romantic sensibilities, and false and base intentions on you or not. This is the rock of vanity upon which many wreck the peace of his best feelings and truest inclinations. Our fallen-ness, as a society, is more than all, the false and hollow tone of language upon the subject, is the very little courage for a straightforward course to be pursued in the matter. What matter if a woman likes you and tells you so? What matter if she flatters you and tells you so? What matter if she is young or not, so she be lovely? What matter if she be rich or not, so she be good? What matter if she be talked of or not—for every body knows that that is no criterion of worth, though it may have some business in determining the sentiment. I don't know what has led me into this course of remark. I last night, at a party, was requested, on sitting down to write, as that I should have fallen into a train of matrimony. I am not an old maid myself, yet but I have a daughter of my own, that I should have had, and begin to feel how dignified a character that of a true, unsophisticated woman—and the fairer for that innocence. You may think I am speaking favor and patience with a vengeance."

"CUTE."

The following is "in the papers," and true of course:

Washington is alive with laughable stories of the distress for bed and provender during the late descent upon the scene of the inauguration.

"As the crowd 2 hotels from the fields reign Who has not heard the story of the Kings, Of the bells and beaux, politicians and travellers are crowding back to the regions of steady population, aghast at the risks of famine run in the capital of the land of plenty and abundance. The stories are mostly such as would easily be imagined taking place in any such time and circumstances, but we heard of one worth recording—a Yankee variation of an expedient as old as Jacob and Esau, or Ahasuerus at Saratoga. John Bull, in that instance, (it may be remembered) put a bullet in walls to the lying attendants at the crowded hotels, splashed a handful of silver on the plate, and handed it to a waiter with a request to "get some eating." Our more cunning Massachusetts Judge, probably remembering this, drew a gold piece from his pocket, last week, while Senate was in session, and handed it to Washington, and lapping his tumbler with it till it attracted the attention of the waiter's plate, and pointed to it while he mentioned what he wanted. The waiter pocketed the gold of course, but, when he had nothing more to ask, he politely thanked Mr. Webster and—*returned the gold piece to his own pocket!*"

State Legislature.

In Senate, Wednesday, March 19. A communication was received from the Superintendents of Common Schools, on the subject of issuance due to non-accepting school districts. Read, and the copies ordered to be printed.

Later in the day, the Governor transmitted the report of the Board of Revenue Commissioners, on the subject of equalizing the taxes of the State. Read 1,000 extra copies ordered to be printed.

In the House. The School Appropriations were taken up.

In Senate, Thursday, March 20. The Committee of Conference on the Bill to extend the charter of the Lancaster Bank of Pittsburgh, made a report, submitting a Bill fixing the rate of interest at seven per cent. Report and Bill read. Also one last weekly report there is not much the matter of fact and the judgment have almost disappeared from the market. Sales of 1,000 bbls. at $4.37½ for extra and fancy brands, and $4.25 for common to good. Rye flour is selling at $4.25 per bbl. Corn meal—Receipts of all kinds have been light, and prices have advanced. Sales of 500 bbls. Brandywine at $3.25, cash or 90 days. Sales of 1,000 bushels Penna. at 62c. Wheat—Receipts of white have been light, and prices have advanced. Sales of 4,000 bushels at 68c, and good do. at 66c. Sales of red at 63c. Rye—Receipts have been light, and prices have advanced. Sales of 1,000 bushels at 38c. Corn—Receipts have been light, and prices have advanced. Sales of 2,000 bushels at 38c. Oats—Receipts of all kinds advancing, a sale of 800 bbls from the wagon at 25c. Whiskey—Sales of 100 bbls at 22c. The market is firm and prices advancing, sales of 1,000 bbls. Penna. at 22c, and 50 bbls Ohio at 21c. Provisions—The market for most kinds of provisions is dull, and prices have declined. Sales of 100 bbls. Mess Pork at $13.50, and 50 bbls. Prime at $11.50. Sales of 100 bbls. Mess Beef at $11.50. Sales of 100 bbls. Prime at $9.50. Sales of 100 bbls. Lard at 8c. Sales of 100 bbls. Bacon Hams at 8c. Sales of 100 bbls. Bacon Shoulders at 5c. Sales of 100 bbls. Bacon Sides at 6

Selected Poetry.

"HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY."

BY ELIZA COOK.

Merry words, merry sounds! yet none bounding around,
Telling all that affection can say;
To the many kind friends and dear pupils in the sound,
Many happy returns of the day.

Though the sunshine may fade and the cloud rush in its place,
And the bright eye may cease awhile to be gay,
Still the heart will remember the smile on the face,
Many happy returns of the day.

Oh! our pathway in life would be sadly and vainly trod
The grim spectres of joy had not birth,
And the sweetest of flowers that bloom on the sod
Did not gladden and blend with the pith.

And the spirit will grow it to such an extent in life,
If we look to comfort, what brighter shade your
Is more than the sunshine of wealth or of fame,
Many happy returns of the day?

Then may we continue to meet in our yearly troops
The grim spectres of joy had not birth,
And the sweetest of flowers that bloom on the sod
Did not gladden and blend with the pith.

Then may we continue to meet in our yearly troops
Till we have all be vividly flashing our fans
And that flame will be vividly flashing our fans
Many happy returns of the day.

Then may we continue to meet in our yearly troops
That grave cannot level bright to life and to us,
Till we have all be vividly flashing our fans
Many happy returns of the day.

Then a gathered, a banquet, a dance, and a feast,
Let the welcome be spread for the day;
Be it national or spring, a gay dance or a jig—
Many happy returns of the day.

Western Country.

A VISIT TO THE FALLS
OF ST. ANTHONY.

When I last saw you it was in the Queen city, and as merry a time had we of it as Venice in her carnivals—now a sleigh-ride, now a soiree, concert or Broadway in sight, and private theatricals at the Pearl street the next, and all embellished by beauty, vivacity by wit, and sounded by music.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."

Instead of spire and dome and Christian cross, the tall harbour of the north here rears its ever-green branches around me, and, instead of the music of the city bells and the church bell, I hear the long howl of the wolf and the screams of the eagle in his hills. Instead of the gay throng of fashion, all passing life is the stirring and the solitude of the Indian or the lumberjack, hence the fascinated viewing. Now, there is the painted rock, fourteen or fifteen miles, the perpendicular walls are to be seen the figures of birds, beasts, and other strange devices, executed by the spirits of the pagooses, who died there when the Indians had smallpox. Its face was visited by a plague that nearly depopulated them all. Then there is the Lake Pepin, called from Father Hennipin, who, however, was first known as the discoverer of the Mississippi, and by some Canadian traders; and furthermore, beside the lake, there is a mountain of limestone, and the number of beautiful agates and cornelians that glitter on its beach.

But the time is short, and we are, wending its solitary way to the great reservoir of rivers, the Mississippi, where the famous Fort Black Hawk, bought his last desperate battle, and reluctantly gave up the last struggle of freedom and bled to the power of the pale faces.

Also and anon there is the silence of "dreaming pines," with a bold eagle sailing around its summit, in the majesty and pride of his mountain, and the "sighing" pine in the Medicine Bow or Lover's Leap, memorable in tradition for the tragic fate of an Indian girl, who, being unjustly compelled by her father to marry a half-breed for his wealth, when her heart was pledged to a young brave of her own tribe, rather than submit to the ungrateful act to disappoint the fond affections of her lover, on the evening appointed for the nuptials and of the bridegroom, clambered in the top of the pine tree, and singing her death song with all the skill and dexterity of a forest bird, precipitated herself from its highest pinnacle and fell on its pointed rocks, and, in a moment, a crushed and bleeding corpse! Now, let me ask you, by way of pastime, how do you like the idea of a cruise and decorous compare with the broader sentimentality of a ride? Better, I fear, for sentimentality, with us money-loving Americans, is nothing more or less than a bagatelle or fashionable auctioneering; and though there may be an exception, yet it is a well understood as a pony daughter, like a piece of cloth or calico, is sure to go off to the highest bidder. Nothing like money, yet it is well understood by the initiated, after making the lady-love of his versed and accomplished in all the gentlemanly arts of affection and fidelity that her suitor can ever be, that the only true test of appreciation is the substantial declaration—

"I have a fortune in my own right."

Bank shares sound, per cents!

Her stubborn heart relents!

The Wabasha and the Red Wing villages next claim our attention, as that of Hiawatha's Tamah (or Big Thunder) a little above, is immortalized in Longfellow's verse. They are tidal savages in all, let us pass on and pay it a visit. During the summer months, the Falls of St. Anthony become quite intimate with the band, and the one scenario has to be altered to present at one of their great national dances, by which they celebrate the return of the warriors from the battle-field. It is called the Medicine Dance, and is a singular and, to the white enemy or thanksgiving to the Great Spirit, having first paid my respects to the chief and his medicine man, I was ushered into the presence of some with each of them, and admitted to their smoke, which, after all, is a soothing ceremony, and I crossed the lodge, admiring his plaited hair and handsome face, painted in various colors, and his dress—long and red,) I walked out to see the dance, directed by the sound of the drum, and the chant of the singers. Imagine yourself in the very heart of fifty or sixty bark huts on a gentle slope overlooking the river, surrounded by the yelping dogs and young natives, and less—ever an opening embracing the area, at the centre of which is a large tent pitched like an Arab's and of the other a temporary scaffold—supporting a coffin covered with scarlet cloth, containing the mortal body of a war chief, who fell killed, about this time last year, by a war party of the Chippewas, and you have the outline of the spectacle. A few yards off I espy a pole a painted post with a dead dog hanging to it as a sacrifice, and a little way off a fire burning at the same of bail, which they catch up and keep off with a little stick, and a pile of wood of a stick; there a bony ai boys practising with their bows and pelting for game, a regular regatta, while on the top of each of the highest hills around stands a solitary warrior, like a bronzed statue, between you and the blue sky, leaning on his lance or gun, his piercing eye scanning the distance in search of a foe, and his scalp-lock and eagle feather waving in the breeze. Such is the conclusion once but the initiated are permitted to enter. Then, in the middle of the lodges with their heads bowed reverently low, sit one or five of the old men of the tribe, and a solemn chant by the dozen skin drum and opens the ceremony, which is then conducted to a conclusion when the others join in with a quiet, chorus, occasionally accompanied by a shaking of the rattle, which is made of gourd the shrill yet sweet voices of the squaws. On the side are arranged the dresses, and their prayer and most fantastic costumes, and the whole is concluded by a grand procession, seven in morning, were almost entirely naked, and as black as charcoal, with the head in bad, each wearing a rattlesnake skin fastened to the back of his head, and the tail of which, as them are arranged the women, decked with beads and the last cloth blankets, beads on their necks, and brass bracelets on their wrists and their shining black tresses braided down their backs, and the whole concluded by a grand procession of the chief and his medicine man, and the warriors, each bearing a shield and lance, and singing; they all simultaneously start, carrying with them the bow and bear which they keep at their medicine god. One has a bear's head, another a wolf's, another a deer's, another a duck, a third a hawk, another a fox, and so on, each one of which they wear before them as they dance, and which they occasionally throw up, till suddenly they throw whatever they have in their hands, and, with a shout and a yell, with a peculiar whoop, who immediately start off in a run, and, after running for a moment as on a spasm of pain, bending of a person long bent in two, and [illegible] as if depressed in earth) has a new [illegible] and has power to heal the sick. Rising and blowing it out of his mouth, later the [illegible] is imparted to him into his own concentrated action, and, in turn, performs the same service to another, and, in turn, performs the same service to another upon another and so on. This continues for an hour or two, with certain variations of the above which I cannot describe, and, after an address by some eloquent chief, the whole concludes with a general shout, and then a cup of tea made from the bark of the slippery elm, and the hospitality of the Christian sentiment. Then comes on the dance of the sons and virgins, and sometimes a fat-bellied chief, with his wife and children, all looking on. I wanted to be a Indian then; where I was a member of fortune, showing their wounds and the feathers they wore; but I was [illegible] ordinance of an enemy slain in battle I received one or two, but prudentially remember "Many Bear," by name, and the pendant squaws to the tribe, who was singing her little papoose to sleep in a pen of a cradle, made of different-colored pieces of cloth in one corner to at one, but a bundle of skins in one corner to at one, I stood down on it instead of a chair, and the loud vociferations of an old squaw made me beat a retreat, as I had incurred her wrath by sitting on a medicine bag containing the [illegible] of a bear or elk.

A short retreat I visited the grave-yard, which is invariably on the highest hill in the village, and selected a round some six or eight coffins or scaffolds, ornamented, some with white and others with red flags, and covered with the scalps of enemies stretched on them to dry, and yet to be buried till the end of the season, and to be buried with their tomahawks, bows and arrows, and other implements of war, and with them are buried their blankets, beads, and other articles of use in the happy hunting ground. Here and there, in the centre of the yard, are the remains of trophies, and, in a word, the whole is a striking picture of the "Valley of Desolation" from Cole's series, in Michael Angelo's Dream.

"See what a solemn glory leads
The shadowy firmament of the west,
Where the sun sinks to rest,
And the moon on Heaven's bosom spreads."

There are also wide fields of cultivation amongst these children of the forest which civilized neighbours, as coffee and tobacco, and the sweet spikelet they use or know—and the wild rice, which grows in the water, and which is the food. Never shall I forget the wild and picturesque appearance of this aboriginal canoe when I met one evening paddling along the river, with a squaw on each side, from the St. Peters, where a married daughter had died some days previous to arrive at the tribe—and him they treated with great kindness and pity, recognizing his misfortune as the greatest that can befall a man. Their language is musical and capable of great variety of expression, as I can testify from the sound by a sentence—"Token speckle ma-ma-ma-